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THE TATLER *and* BYSTANDER

LONDON
DECEMBER 31, 1947

Two Shillings
Vol. CLXXXVI. No. 2425



Derek Adkins

COUNTESS ELENA CARANDINI

Countess Carandini is the wife of the former Italian Government Representative to the British Government, Count Nicolo Carandini, who has just retired from a long diplomatic career to live on his large estate, Torre in Pietra, near Rome, where he will resume his interest in Italian politics. Count and Countess Carandini have five children—two sons and three daughters



Lady Pamela Mountbatten with some of the visitors

The Maharaja Holds a Durbar

The Maharaja of Jaipur recently celebrated his Silver Jubilee with a magnificent Durbar at which the Governor-General of India and Countess Mountbatten were honoured guests. Many native rulers were also present to pay him tribute. The Maharaja, who rules over 3,000,000 subjects, succeeded to the throne when only eleven years old. He received part of his education at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and was in the Life Guards during the war



The Maharaja walking barefooted from his private temple in the palace grounds after a religious ceremony, followed by guests and retainers



Earl Mountbatten, Governor-General of India, in full-dress uniform, with Countess Mountbatten, on their arrival to take part in the celebrations



The Miracle of the Eggs (left, above) convinces the beleaguered de Baudricourt (Bernard Miles) and his steward (John Biggerstaff), that there is truth and substance behind Joan's story of her mission. Below, the Earl of Warwick (Harry Andrews) supported by his chaplain (Kenneth Connor) disputes Joan's fate with the Bishop of Beauvais (Mark Dignam). Right, Joan (Celia Johnson) presses home warlike arguments upon the Dauphin (Alec Guinness) whose instincts are all for compromise with the invading English

Anthony Cookman
and Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"St. Joan"
(New)

MR. SHAW's masterpiece is not really suited to repertory. No permanent company is likely to command the services of actors born to play Cauchon, Warwick, Dunois and the Inquisitor. These are in no sense minor parts. They sustain the high argument between Church and State and between authoritarian and personal religion on which the true greatness and dramatic impact of the play depends. It is a tribute to the strength of the Old Vic company and to the imaginative expertness of its producer, Mr. John Burrell, that these inherent difficulties are so far overcome that the revival is entitled to be called a fine one.

MISS CELIA JOHNSON excitingly proves that Mr. Shaw's heroine, played without any suggestion of *gaucherie* or earthiness, but with simplicity and sincerity, may yet establish the full pathos of the character. Her Maid is a slip of a girl. The light of faith shines in her eyes, and she trusts her "voices" as frankly and as completely as a child trusts what it has never been given reason to doubt.

She has not the smallest comprehension of the political considerations which sway the Fathers of the Church, the ruling barons of England and even her comrades-in-arms.

When they warn her of the peril in which she stands they advance no argument which means anything to her country common sense. When the Inquisitor and Cauchon claim the right of the Church to be the only medium of religious inspiration she simply cannot reconcile their claim with her own experience.

IT seems perfectly natural that such a Maid, when the threat of the fire becomes real, should be willing to humour her persecutors in their abstruse demands; and no less natural that she should recant her recantation once her mind has taken in the reality of a punishment worse to her than burning at the stake.

There is no question here of stupidity. Miss Johnson keeps the Maid completely detached from intellectual and political thought, but skilfully ensures that on her own plane the girl who is soldier and visionary shall be constantly alert, shrewd and practical.

The performance is perilously light, better appreciated at close quarters in the stalls than at the back of the dress circle, but it is exquisitely true, and both at Joan's desertion by her comrades in the cathedral and at the trial scene the heartrending effect of a saintly child crushed uncomprehendingly between

forces weighty with worldly logic and expediency is achieved beyond a doubt.

ANOTHER exciting aspect of this revival is the playing of the Dauphin by Mr. Alec Guinness. One would have gone to the stake contending that the original Dauphin of Mr. Ernest Thesiger was something that could never be equalled. Only another useless sacrifice, if one had; Mr. Guinness is no less comic, no less right, no less brilliant and quite different. Mr. Harry Andrews makes Warwick more of a swaggering bully than he need be: that realist was master of the situation and he knew it. He could afford to be suavely humorous in his insistence on what the interests of the rulers of England required.

MR. BERNARD MILES makes of the Inquisitor a darkly crooked medieval figure, which is a poor exchange for the golden charity streaked with worldly caution presented by Mr. O. B. Clarence long ago; but the long and masterly defence of the Inquisition is nevertheless put across superbly. The Cauchon of Mr. Mark Dignam is not perhaps quite formidable enough, but it does very well, and so does the bull-necked Stogumber of Mr. Kenneth Connor.

THE GOSSIP BACKSTAGE

by

Beaumont Newhall

LONGEST running of London's current productions, *Worm's Eye View* at the Whitehall has just entered upon its third year and R. F. Delderfield, the author, gave a party to celebrate the occasion. At present the show is playing to £1,900 weekly and looks like doing so for some time.

Yet no manager would touch it when first it was offered. H. J. Barlow, a Midlands business man liked it, however, and bought it. In the opening week at Whitehall it took less than £200, in spite of which Mr. Barlow still had faith in it. Not before the company, headed by Ronald Shiner and Jack Hobbs, went out into the streets with a loudspeaker van did business begin to boom. It has boomed ever since.

THE musical version of *Burlesque*, the play about a vaudeville star in which Marjorie Reynolds, the Hollywood film star, plays the lead, comes to London very shortly. Co-starring with Miss Reynolds are Bonar Colleano, Jun. and Zoe Gail. Also in the cast is Annette Simmons who has the silver medal for ice-skating, plays in the Barnes ladies' golf team and has written a novel *Design for Killing* which is shortly to be filmed. Another member of the cast is Alethea Orr, first Ensa woman across the Rhine during the war.

MAKING her first appearance on the English stage in *The Relapse*, or *Virtue in Danger* with Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott at the Lyric, Hammer-smith, is Australian-born Sheila Helpmann, sister of Robert Helpmann, the dancer, to whom she bears a striking resemblance.

She came over here with her mother for the first family reunion for eleven years with Robert and her other brother Max who has been in the Royal Navy since the outbreak of the war. Then Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott, her fellow countrymen with whom she acted in Australia during their recent tour, asked her if she would play a small part in *The Relapse* and understudy Miss Elliott.

In Australia Miss Helpmann acts leading parts in plays and musicals but she accepted the offer with alacrity. "Even if I had the opportunity I wouldn't dream of going straight into a big part," she said. "One has little chance to learn much about acting at home and it has been a wonderful experience to be directed by such a clever producer as Anthony Quayle." She hopes to continue her stage career in England.

The lovely costumes in *The Relapse* are those specially designed by Jeanetta Cochrane for John Gielgud's New York production of *Love for Love*. In addition to Cyril Ritchard two other members of the company, Jessie Evans and Richard Wordsworth, appeared in America in *Love for Love*.

Now dancing with Jessie Matthews in her new revue *Maid to Measure* which is due in the West End in the new year, is Robert Dorning. His war service in the R.A.F. temporarily stopped the fulfilment of their partnership. Dorning, born at St. Helen's, played a saxophone in a Liverpool dance band, joined the Markova-Dolin ballet company, made a name in ballet and went through the mill of concert parties, pantomime and intimate revue. Miss Matthews, a ballet fan, used to take time off from filming to attend ballet matinees at a tiny London theatre and there saw him dance. She mentally pigeon-holed him as a future partner and later found a place for him in *Come out to Play* in 1940.

It was Renee Kelly who appears as Mrs. Pearson in the revival of *Daddy Longlegs*, the Christmas attraction at the Comedy (matinees) and the Embassy (evenings) who played the part of Judy, the romantic orphan who falls in love with a shadow, in the original production at the Duke of York's Theatre in 1916 and it was in that play that she first met her husband, Hylton Allen.

Penelope Bartley who now plays the leading part is a young actress of great promise who was discovered by Anthony Hawtrey in repertory at Buxton.

SHOW GUIDE

Pantomimes

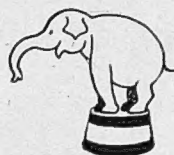


CASINO—*Cinderella* presented by Emile Littler. This is a magnificent anti-austerity production. Cinders is played by Carole Lynne, and Arthur Askey (Big-Hearted as ever) is once again the perfect Buttons both in size and personality.

DAVIS THEATRE, CROYDON—*Little Miss Muffet* ("who saw that spider sit down beside her") has Ethel Revnell, most precocious of precocious children, in the title role, with lovely Evelyn Laye, our most decorative Principal Boy, as Little Boy Blue.

PRINCES—*The Babes in the Wood*. Jill Manners sings entrancingly as Principal Boy, while what could be badder than Monsewer Eddie Gray's bad, bad Baron? The Babes are abducted most successfully by George Gee and Charles Cameron.

Circuses



HARRINGAY ARENA—*Tom Arnold's Mammoth Circus*. Presenting Chipperfield's twenty Indian elephants, Schumann's thirty horses, Christian's Dog Review, and thirty clowns with the Polo Rivels family, and innumerable stars of the sawdust.

OLYMPIA—*Bertram Mills Circus*. Includes Triska's White Devils, "thrills on the high wire," Edoardo, "the most outstanding juggler of all time," the Elephant Ballet, the Mills Equestrian Display, the Coco Family, "wholesale comedy merchants," and all the fun of the fair.

Musicals

ADELPHI—*Bless the Bride*. C. B. Cochran's delightful period operetta has grace, charm and music which lingers long in the memory. The author and composer are A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis, and the leading singers that fine French artiste Georges Guétary and Lizbeth Webb.

AMBASSADORS—*Sweetest and Lowest*. Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever, lend their own particular brand of sophistication to the Christmas spirit.

COLISEUM—*Annie, Get Your Gun*. This tough and melodious musical comes from America as do its two leading stars who shine so brightly. They are Dolores Gray, who finds that "You Can't Get a Man with a Gun," and dashing Bill Johnson.

DRURY LANE—*Oklahoma!* This outstanding U.S. success is tuneful, decorative and moves with transatlantic speed and smoothness.

DUKE OF YORK'S—*One, Two, Three!* Binnie and Sonnie Hale, whose resourceful talents lead this show, cut a million capers in their various disguises and with equal success give us a few moments of themselves.

GLOBE—*Tuppence Coloured*. Wit, sparkle and song is supplied adroitly by Joyce Grenfell, whose satire is never unkind but scores the bull's eye every time. Elisabeth Welch's singing is always pleasing to the ear, and Max Adrian is equally at home as a member of the canine breed or the most eccentric of signalmen.

HIPPODROME—*Starlight Roof*. Vic Oliver, Pat Kirkwood, Fred Emney, that immense barrel of humour, a big cast and Melachrinou's music make this a vintage evening.

PALLADIUM—*Here, There and Everywhere*. The arch mirth-maker Tommy Trinder and his company give some of the best holiday relaxation.

PRINCE OF WALES—*Piccadilly Hayride*. That master of mime and mimicry, that incomparable impersonator of the "spiv," Sid Field, takes you on a grand and glorious tour.

VICTORIA PALACE—*Together Again*. Spend several crazy hours with the Crazy Gang in the presence of Bud Flanagan, Nervo and Knox and Naughton and Gold and you will certainly shake the dust of depression off your feet.

Old Favourites

PALACE—*Charley's Aunt*. This old favourite of University life in the bad old days, when play was more important than work, is more outrageously funny than ever, as are its complications and its protagonists.

ST. JAMES'S — *Treasure Island*. Robert Louis Stevenson's incomparable adventure story is here again complete with pirates and hidden treasure, while Long John Silver's malignant personality dominates the scene.

SAVILLE—*Sim Sala Bim*. Dante, the Master of Magic, returns with a host of new tricks up his sleeve.



SCALA—*Peter Pan*. This year Peter is played by film star Phyllis Calvert, whilst her husband, Peter Murray Hill, takes the dual roles of the amiable Mr. Darling and the ferocious Captain Hook—with crocodile to taste.

STRAND—*The Wizard of Oz*. This charming American fairy tale, which has much tuneful music and many endearing characters, such as the eccentric Wizard himself, the Tin Man and the Cowardly Lion, returns in a new and vastly improved form for a Christmas season in the West End.

WESTMINSTER—*Maskelyne's Christmas Magic*. Another wizard weaves his spells with incomparable mystery and surprise.

Comedies

LYRIC, (Hammersmith)—*The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger*. Superb revival of an uproarious Vanbrugh comedy, with a brilliant cast headed by Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott.

PICCADILLY—*Off the Record*. This successful naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. As are the performances of "Admiral" Hugh Wakefield, Jack Allen as the most pseudo of Lieutenant-Commanders, Bill Gates an equally at sea M.P. and Tom Gill a magnificently dumb Flag Lieutenant.

VAUDEVILLE—*The Chiltern Hundreds* by Douglas Home. A. E. Matthews's delightfully inconsequent peer, Michael Shepley's magnificent butler and Marjorie Fielding's unruffled peeress all gracefully burlesque the political scene and the art of noblesse oblige.

WHITEHALL—*Worm's Eye View*. R. F. Delderfield's very funny R.A.F. comedy concerns trouble with a landlady, with a landlady's daughter, and a host of complications which go to make a side-splitting evening. Ronald Shiner and Jack Hobbs have the leading parts

WINTER GARDEN—*Outrageous Fortune* by Ben Travers. That absurd pair, Ralph Lynn and Robertson Hare more hilariously absurd in character and conduct than ever, ramble in and out of the black market to the tune of Mr. Hare's "Oh, torment! Oh, pandemonium! Oh, topsy turvy!"



Freda Bruce Lockhart

At The Pictures

Seeing the Old Year Out

FOLLOWING time-honoured tradition, film critics at this season are raking over their memories to compile a list of the ten best or ten worst films of the outgoing year, to chart careers and trends, disappointments and hopes; in general to pay the cinema back in its own debased coin—with a flashback.

This old critical custom has at least two advantages: it helps the critic over the Christmas holiday; and it allows his readers to see at a glance where their tastes differ.

A selection of the ten best films of 1947 seems to leave very small margin for argument. Any list I think would start with the three Italian pictures: *Vivere in Pace*, *Open City* and (perhaps a few places down the list) *Shoe Shine*. The most perfect picture publicly shown in London was *Partie de Campagne*, the French forty-minute feature based on de Maupassant's short story. Chaplin's *Monsieur Verdoux* must have its place in the first five, however much we may dislike its fatuous philosophy, because in conception and technique it goes back to the roots of the cinema. Carol Reed's *Odd Man Out* was decidedly the most distinguished British picture of the year with, in more conventional style, *Mine Own Executioner* a little way behind.

From America we had, at the beginning of the year, *Boomerang*, brilliantly extending the "March of Time" technique to a full-length dramatic story.

That makes eight titles as nearly beyond dispute as may be. For ninth place I insist on *Bachelor Knight*, as the one and only first-class comedy of the year. The tenth must in conscience go to Sam Goldwyn's *The Best Years of Our Lives*, too solidly built a monument of sentimental entertainment, and already too well loaded with awards, to disregard.

THAT is my conscientious list. The better halves of *Holiday Camp* and Marcel Carné's *Portes de la Nuit*, were far ahead of anything in the four last-named films and Carné is almost certainly the foremost creative figure in the contemporary cinema. But as wholes, both pictures were too unsatisfactory to include. Only one omission—the British spiv film, *They Made Me a Fugitive*—gives me a faint sense of guilt and prejudice; but, for all its cleverness, there have been few films I disliked so keenly. For remotely kindred reasons Cocteau's outstanding fantasy *La Belle et la Bête* does not qualify.

These make, I think, a list of surprising distinction. Surprising certainly to me; for when I sat down to write this flashback of 1947 I did so convinced that it had been a thoroughly depressing film year. So on the whole it has. Yet my ten best films are distinctly more interesting than the ten best of an average year.

The trouble is that while it would be even easier to list the ten or twenty worst films of the year, they would be equally distinctly worse than

the worst of an average year. What would be difficult would be to find an adequate number of respectable runners-up.

Everybody's list must have omissions, regretted by the compiler, of personally pleasant memories. My regrets, headed by *The Yearling*, wrecked by M-G-M's infamous celestial choir, would include *The Macomber Affair*, which had a pungent wit of its own—or Hemingway's—and a handful of British films.

I remember with pleasure: *The October Man* for its quiet distinction and John Mills's beautiful acting; Korda's *An Ideal Husband*; *The Loves of Joanna Godden*, for going out into the English countryside; *A Man About the House* for Kieron Moore's sensational debut; *Hue and Cry*, the boys' blood and thunder comedy; and, with tempered admiration rather than pleasure, *It Always Rains on Sunday*.

That is all. This page is now littered with film titles. Hardly five of them are of straight entertainment pictures of the kind which were once mass-produced in Hollywood. That is what has made 1947 a depressing film year. There has not been one attractive musical; only one pure comedy—and snatches from *Song of the Thin Man*.

THE best have been brilliant, stimulating, experimental, novel. In so far as they may lead the way, it is encouraging that so many of them have discarded the literary or theatrical idiom for the proper function of the film, which Roger Manvell recently summed up aptly as "to create a pattern of action moving in time." But the norm of plain screen entertainment has fallen to the depths of *Jassy* and *Ivy*.

Like the rest of the world, the cinema has been going through a period of crisis and most producers are still fumbling for something to replace the discredited immediate past. Hollywood's headlong decline has proceeded unchecked. British films have marked time; and even fallen backwards in trying, with some dire results, to substitute quantity for the quality of the previous proud year. The French cinema has maintained its own self-sufficient standards.

But it is Italy which has brought a new breath of sanity and humanity into the cinema.

Most people will agree that the event of the film year has been the advent of Italian films. None of the three we have so far seen is a fancy film, highbrow, arty or in any way pretentious. They make it seem the simplest thing in the world to make a fine film about people and places known and loved by the men who make the film. Years of studio time and millions of dollars spent on manufacturing love have not achieved the simple, unsentimental affection which glows from these three unassuming pictures about characters no more intrinsically lovable than everybody's neighbour.



British studios could, with advantage to themselves and all of us, learn a whole range of lessons from this Italian school; and the first is simplicity.

BRITISH films will suffer next year, it seems, from shortage of studio space and of money. Expense has never been a criterion of quality in films and the Italian pictures are made on the proverbial shoestring. As for studio space, Italian directors give the impression that with all Italy for their space, they hardly need to enter a studio. Our directors have all this island and might well resolve to move out and about it more freely. They might resolve to discard Hollywood standards of hothouse glamour in which British actresses either wilt or petrify. Anna Magnani as the plain, middle-aged heroine of *Open City* was radiant and heartrending as no other screen actress in the whole year. Ave Ninchi, in *Vivere in Pace*, and Irene Smordoni, the boy's mother in *Shoe Shine*, in smaller parts had something of the same quality. If British directors would apply that lesson to Joan Greenwood—who is neither plain nor middle-aged—they might allow her to fulfil her promise. Impossible, finally, to leave the Italian films without recalling that in Aldo Fabrizi, the priest of *Open City* and the peasant of *Vivere in Pace*, they gave the screen one of its two indubitable stars of the year—the other being Kieron Moore.

Nineteen forty seven has not even been a very fruitful year for stars in the Anglo-Saxon cinema. Hollywood has produced none to notice, though Wendell Corey may become one if Paramount will ever promote him from their brute force brigade. Kieron Moore is the only new big star of British films, but he promises to be bigger than most old ones. John Mills has progressed to something near perfection in his quiet way and so, to a step lower on the rung, has Glynis Johns. British films can also boast legitimately that they have developed a much larger pool than hitherto of at least adequate acting talent, ranging from beginners to character actors. While the cinema continues to be so unsuitably served by R.A.D.A.—Shaftesbury Avenue Stage standards, more can hardly be expected in a year.

ACTORS and Italians apart, there are lessons which can be learned from experience. For 1948 I hope that British companies will resolve to make a wholesale clearance of novels from the studio shelves, and to bring down a heavy axe—I mean no personal offence to any individual—on additional dialogue writers. Above all, I hope that some international convention of the cinema will resolve to bring in a total boycott of psychiatry and the flashback narration by which at least one film a week in 1947 has evaded the problem of story-telling.

Since writing the above, I have seen *Just William's Luck* at the London Pavilion. Besides being, I should suppose, the ideal Christmas holiday picture, it combines the essential virtues of simplicity and naturalness with evident cheapness; and the most hilarious part is also the longest speechless sequence I have seen for years.

One of the most beautiful of the young and established actresses in British films, Sally Gray is starring in the new Two Cities' production *The Mark of Cain*. As Sara Bonheur, a woman condemned for a murder she did not commit, she has one of the most appealing parts that she has played for some time. Sally Gray was born in London and studied acting and dancing at Fay Compton's school of dramatic art. Her first appearance on the stage was in 1930, at the Gate Theatre in *All God's Chillun Got Wings*, and she subsequently acted in many musical comedies and revues in the West End. In 1935 she entered films in *Cheer Up*, followed among others by *The Lambeth Walk* and *Q Planes*. However, it was in the beautiful and nostalgic *Dangerous Moonlight*, opposite Anton Walbrook, that she gained the popularity she now holds. Her last appearance on the London stage was in 1944 with Coral Browne in *My Sister Eileen* at the Savoy Theatre.

SALLY
GRAY



Photograph by Baron, Backdrop by Vasco Lazzolo

George Bilainkin.

AT THE COURT
OF ST. JAMES'S

Lenare

H.E. M. Heinrich
Schmid, the Austrian
Minister

IT still seems startling to hear German being spoken openly in an official Austrian residence in London, for nearly ten years have gone since Hitler's *anschluss* ruthlessly blew out the candle lit by the Mission from Vienna at the Court of St. James's. Would Vienna live again and send its own diplomatists to London? The answer could not have been given with confidence in 1938. Yet had Vienna not been famous since Marcus Aurelius died there eighteen centuries ago, and was it not in Vienna that Russia and Britain met 132 years

ago for the dances and music and wine and diplomacy of the Congress with Austria and Prussia?

Precisely opposite the attractively redecorated Yugoslav Embassy in Kensington stands the Austrian Legation, a nostalgic reminder of the resuscitation of the gay, light-hearted Empire that for two-and-a-half centuries dominated Europe's counsels.

To-day Austria is no longer greater in area than the British Isles, but covers 32,000 square miles. Her 7,000,000 inhabitants compare with 40,000,000 during the First World War.

Vienna strives, with a heavy heart, to feed 2,000,000 citizens under the eyes of Russian, British, American and French armies. But her beautiful open spaces, overwhelming museums and re-established art galleries (thanks to Russian co-operation and assistance) are remote from the crises of the twentieth century. And none aware of the realities in Europe and beyond would for a moment question her vital significance as a bridge, or barrier, for West and East.

HIS Excellency M. Heinrich Schmid, Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Republic of Austria at the Court of St. James's, first here for almost ten years, is a shrewd polyglot, a composer and pianist of repute, and a professional diplomatist in the vital capitals.

With the Imperial Prize in the Vienna Academy he went as consul in 1912, aged twenty-four, to a scarred little town notable then, and as I saw for myself a few months ago, strategically significant now, Skopje, Macedonia. Ten years later he was Counsellor in Paris, for eleven years. In 1933 he secured his first Mission, in Berne, and two years later brushed up his fluent Russian in that city of destiny for the Slavs, Belgrade. In 1937 an even more colourful post came, Warsaw. When Hitler overran Austria, a year later, Schmid was informed by the new chiefs obedient to Berlin that he must return to wind up the Legation in Warsaw. He sold his belongings, gave away his Belgrade friend, a dachshund.

YEARS followed in private industry, travel about Occupied Europe, and unforgettable nights spent in the humbler of the Adlon Hotel shelters in 1942 when the British gave Berlin a taste of Coventry's medicine.

Schmid missed the German and Russian shells in the debris of Vienna in 1945, walked slowly back to his old Foreign Office, hungry but happy. The Russian Marshal helped him as liaison officer to recover the silver, tapestries, pictures, stolen by the Nazis. Vienna lived once more. And soon in his dispatch case were the instructions for heading Austria's leading Legation in the world, the Mecca of all diplomatists, London.



Lady Ravensdale admiring one of the larger exhibits at the private view at Burlington House



H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Sweden was another visitor. Exhibits are chiefly from India and Pakistan

Indian Art at the Royal Academy



Field Marshal Earl Wavell, formerly Viceroy, looking at some ivory carvings



Dr. Puri, the Crown Prince of Sweden and Mr. Basil Gray, of the Selection Committee



H.E. the High Commissioner for Pakistan and Mrs. Rahimtoola greeting Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P.



Lord Pethick-Lawrence, the former India Minister, inspects some of the paintings



Sir Vincent and Lady Baddeley. Sir Vincent was formerly Deputy Secretary at the Admiralty



Mr. Rodney Wilkinson and Miss Digna Tasca subject some chairs to a close and critical scrutiny

Highlander Ball at Cambridge



A party at supper: Mr. G. Cox, Mrs. M. Gunson, Mr. J. Dawson, Miss Ann Cockett, Mr. C. Campbell and Miss Z. Loyd



Mr. S. Campbell-Ross, Miss P. A. Crupton, Mr. Ben Nobel, Miss A. Simpson, Mr. G. Cox and Mr. I. Houldsworth on the dance-floor



Mr. N. Eggar, Miss Halls, Mr. B. McLean, Mrs. Fahnstock and Mr. Robin Hendry. The Ball was organised by the University's Strathspey and Reel Club



Mr. E. Johnson, Mrs. E. Johnson and Mr. E. S. Sharp were three of the guests at the Ball, which was held at Storrs Hall Hotel, Lake Windermere

The Westmorland and County Ball



Mr. G. B. Napier and Miss G. M. Urquhart sample the ice-cream during an interval



Mr. Norman Gatey and Mrs. Charles Parker were two more who enjoyed the evening



Miss Jill Milne and Lt. Leslie Lings, R.N., with Mr. T. Turner and Miss J. Pedder

H. Bamber



Married in Canterbury Cathedral

Mr. John Theodore Radclyffe Prestige, son of Sir John and Lady Prestige, with his bride, formerly Miss Hilary Mavis Findlay, daughter of Mrs. Harold Findlay, after their wedding in Canterbury Cathedral. The Bishop of Dover officiated. Sir Charles Russell, who was best man, is standing by the bridegroom, and Lady Russell by the bride. The bridesmaids are Miss Anne Webster, Miss Gay Dangerfield, Miss Patricia Rickards and Miss Elizabeth Finn

Swade

Janifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

OF the hundreds of wedding presents which Princess Elizabeth received, one which gave her special pleasure came from members of the Royal Households who, with a strictly limited individual subscription which enabled everyone to take part, were able to purchase a very lovely dessert set in old Church Gresley china. This was among the presents which, arriving after the wedding, had not been seen by either Princess Elizabeth or the Duke of Edinburgh until they returned from Scotland.

Two other gifts which fell into the same category came from Eire, where wedding sentiment and affection for the Princess was allowed to overcome the official Republican attitude to the extent of dispatching a beautiful set of old Waterford glass, in the form of a circular fruit bowl with six oval dishes, from the "Women of Southern Ireland," and a delightful old Sheraton mahogany cutlery cabinet, filled with old Irish silver, from "men, women and children admirers." This unexpected gesture of friendship from Eire touched the Princess very deeply and revived in her an old hankering to visit at some date that country of great-hearted and horse-loving men and women. What a reception she and the Duke would get if they were able to visit the Dublin Horse Show next year!

Several Ministers of the Crown, headed by Mr. Attlee, have been among the end-of-the-year visitors received by His Majesty. They included Mr. Ernest Bevin, who told the King, in his own direct and forceful style, the "inside story" of the Big Four meetings, and Sir Stafford Cripps, for whose cool, accurate

analysis of world events and international trends the King has a great respect. Sir Godfrey Thomas, Private Secretary to the Duke of Gloucester, dark-haired and surprisingly young for his fifty-eight years, was another December visitor to the Palace, when the King invested him with the Insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order, a signal mark of appreciation for Sir Godfrey's many years of quiet, unobtrusive service to the Royal family.

Before the Old Year is ended many engagements were already entered in the Royal diaries for 1948. Most notable of the Queen's early engagements is an afternoon party which Her Majesty is giving at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday, February 10th, for the express purpose of making a presentation to Lady Oliver, D.B.E., an old friend of the Queen's, in recognition of her many years of unremitting work for the British Red Cross Society. I cannot recall a similar instance of a Royal party being given in honour of one woman.

M^{R.} AND M^{S.} ROGER MORTIMER made such a good-looking couple as they walked down the aisle of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, after their marriage. The bride, formerly Miss Cynthia Denison-Pender, wore a very simple white crêpe dress with the train cut in one, and a lovely old lace veil mounted on tulle. She carried a bouquet of white camellias and stephanotis and was followed by four enchanting pages, James and Michael, the twin sons of the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Denison-

Pender, Richard Strutt, a godson of the bridegroom, and Michael Livingston-Learmonth, wearing silk shirts and ruffles with long white satin trousers and short midnight-blue velvet jackets.

AFTER the ceremony there was a reception at 23, Knightsbridge, where the bride's parents, Major and Mrs. Denison-Pender, the latter looking charming in black, stood with the bridegroom's parents, Major Mortimer and Mrs. Mortimer, wearing an attractive black hat trimmed with green, a lovely mink coat and her magnificent diamond clips. Mr. Tom Blackwell, the best man, carried out his duties efficiently and also helped look after the guests, who included the Hon. Mrs. Jocelyn Denison-Pender, looking pretty in an off-the-face hat and nice fur coat; the Hon. Mrs. Richard Strutt, who, like Mrs. Denison-Pender, had a son as a page; Miss Joan Mortimer, very smart in a black suit with yellow orchids; Lady Gibson and her son-in-law and attractive daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Greenly, who have an enchanting house in Chelsea; the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Brownlow, looking very smart in a lovely dark mink coat, with her daughter, Mrs. Brazier Creagh; the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston, also wearing a lovely mink coat, and Mrs. Shedden, very chic in green velvet, with her sister, Mrs. Kemble, who wore a striking long coat of scarlet corduroy.

A charming informal gesture came from the bridegroom, who bent down and kissed both his old nanny and the under-nurse when they filed



Mr. and Mrs. William Findlay and Lady Harris of Faversham, who were among the guests



Sir John and Lady Prestige. Sir John is a very well-known figure in Kent



Also at the reception in Canterbury were Dr. MacManus, Major Meakin and Lt.-Col. Rudolph de Galis

Sir John and Lady Prestige At a Reception After Their Son's Wedding

past with all the guests to wish the young couple every happiness.

OTHERS I noticed in the big crowd were the Hon. Mrs. Richard Denison-Pender in brown; Lady Piers Legh, Mrs. Henderson and her daughters, Mrs. Denis Russell and Miss Pam Henderson; Mrs. Rugge-Price, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Jim Windsor-Lewis, Mrs. Edward Mann, Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch, Mrs. Enid Critchley, also Mr. John Blackwell, Mr. FitzFletcher and Major John Surtees, who were all ushers. The two last-named were P.O.W.s with the bridegroom, who was taken prisoner in 1940 after being reported missing. Gen. Sir Bertie Fisher, who used to be G.O.C., Southern Command, was chatting to friends, and so were Miss Jacqueline Carlisle, Mr. James and Lady Jane Nelson, Mrs. Alan Noble, Mr. and Mrs. Willes, Mr. and Mrs. Kavanagh and Mrs. Knight, of Lockinge. Many guests were delighted to meet again Miss Daly, who has known both the bridegroom and his sister since they were small when, like many other children, she taught them to swim at the Bath Club, where she also taught Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret; she was wearing the same ensemble with a blue-weathered hat that she had worn at the Royal wedding.

THE charming small room on the first floor at Cunningham's, in Curzon Street, was packed with guests who had accepted Capt. Cunningham's invitation to the second birthday party. Instead of the usual 6 to 8 p.m. invitation which has "Cocktails" or "Sherry" in the corner, this invitation had the scintillating words "Oysters and champagne"! Some of the guests were able to sit around the side of the room at small tables. One of these was Viscount Erleigh with his wife, who arrived in a sumptuous full-length red fox coat; they were sitting with the Hon. Julian and Mrs. Mond. A little further on I met Nancy Lady Vivian, looking charming in a soft red coat and hat, with her son, Lord Vivian, who produced the British musical success *Bless the Bride* jointly with that grand old man of the theatre, C. B. Cochran, who was sitting at a nearby table with his wife and Sir Alan Herbert.

Others at this party were the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, Sir Piers Legh, Lord Reay, whose great height was a tremendous advantage in the squash; the Hon. Juliana Curzon, Emlyn Williams, Hermione Baddeley, Constance Cummings and Richard Murdoch. Lady Orr-Lewis popped in and so did the Earl and Countess of Jellicoe, Mr. Matthew Halton, a leading figure in the Canadian broadcasting world, Mr. Rory More O'Ferrall, Mrs. Douglas Sutherland, Mr. Anthony Thorburn, down from the North, and Count André Lipkowski, who had just returned from Germany, which he had been visiting as head of the London Polish Mission to the British Zone in connection with the repatriation of Poles.

THE very successful ball held at the Savoy recently in aid of that wonderfully good cause, the National Lifeboat Service, was once again much more like a private dance than a charity dance. It was quite the best-run and

most enjoyable ball of this kind that I have attended. It was obvious from the way things went with a swing from the start that the dance committee had all done their share under their hard-working chairman, Countess Howe, with the vice-chairman, Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie, and Lady Tichborne. The last-named has taken the keenest practical interest in the R.N.L.I. since she was in her teens. A lot of credit must also go to Mr. John Terry and his very efficient staff. Carroll Gibbons's band played superbly, and not only were there some lovely prizes for the holders of lucky programmes which were distributed by Greta Gynt, but guests were also entertained by those two clever artists, Naunton Wayne and Gabrielle Brune.

There were many big parties. Earl and Countess Howe—the latter looking nice in violet chiffon—had a large party including the Earl's son, Viscount Curzon, and his attractive blonde wife in blue and silver brocade; Mrs. Neil Ramsay, who told me she was down from Scotland and spending some months in her London flat; Major and Mrs. Stewart Stevens, also down from Perthshire; and Mrs. Diana Smyly, very good-looking in a printed dress. A large party of young people (some of whom had been dancing at the very good private dance given by Lord Wilton, Major Rupert Gerard and Mr. Thomas Egerton the night before) included Mr. Hugo and Lady Caroline Waterhouse, Miss Violet de Trafford, very pretty in black, and her youngest sister, Catherine; Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Nutting and Major David Bethell and his sister, Mrs. Jimmy Innes.

NEAR by, Sir Anthony and Lady Tichborne had a small party, including Miss Wendy Sale-Barker, the great skier. The Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi, very chic in scarlet, had a party, including the Argentine Ambassador and Mme. Labougle and Rafaela Duchess of Leinster. Lady Baring had another party, and so did Lady Shakespeare, who, with her daughter, Mrs. Thornewill, works hard for the R.N.L.I.; Lady Crosfield, Mrs. Hezeltine and Mrs. Vaux.

There were many other pretty girls dancing, including Miss Patricia Bailey in black, Miss Angela Stormonth Darling in blue, and Mrs. Mansfield in a lovely red brocade dress dancing with her husband, the Hon. John Mansfield, and Miss Vivien Mosley dancing with Mr. Paul Crosfield. Although the dance-floor was a bit crowded, no one minded, for all were so glad to hear the ball had raised a splendid sum for the gallant men of the R.N.L.I.

ONE of the best pre-Christmas parties was the one given in one of the smaller ball-rooms at Claridge's by Mr. Paul Warburg, of the U.S. Embassy, before he left to spend a short vacation with his family in the States. Guests sat at small tables, and after a delicious dinner danced to an excellent band. There were many interesting guests and a galaxy of beautiful women who all seemed to be wearing their loveliest dresses and jewels. Mr. Marshall, the U.S. Secretary of State, was having a little relaxation after the Four-Power Conference and dancing with the Countess of Birkenhead, while Mr. Lewis Douglas, the U.S. Ambassador, was dancing with Mme. Massigli (wife of the French Ambassador), very chic in red satin.

Another dancer looking exceptionally attractive in red was Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, who wore some lovely jewels. Viscountess Strathallan, wearing a dress of lovely grey brocade with long, tight sleeves, was dancing with Mr. Brian Buchel. No one looked lovelier than Mrs. Margaret Sweeny, who wore an exquisite white dress with two deep flounces of white silk fringe on the skirt, and was chatting to Sir Anthony Weldon, who shares the same birthday with her. Lord Willoughby de Broke was accom-

panied by his lovely wife. Lady Bridget Poulett was wearing a plain black velvet dress and long black gloves and the magnificent diamond necklace she recently inherited from her mother. Also wearing black were Mrs. Brian Buchel, looking very attractive in black chiffon, with which she wore some fine pearls; and Mrs. Pamela Churchill in black lace; while Mrs. Follett, always better remembered as Cathleen Mann, the clever artist, looked enchanting in a Victorian dress and scarlet gloves.

Others enjoying this very good party included Viscount Strathallan, Lady Cunard, Lord and Lady Burghley, Mr. Henry Stebbings, Col. and Mrs. Ackerman, Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates, Mr. and Mrs. Murrrough Wilson, Sir Henry and Lady D'Avigdor Goldsmid, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks.



Bassano
Mrs. Clifford-Wolff, wife of Major J. P. Clifford-Wolff, M.B.E., with her two daughters, Rosamund, aged three, and Antoinette. She is the daughter of the Hon. Lewis Clifford, of Victoria, Australia, and niece of the Hon. Sir Bede Clifford

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH is chairman of the "Twelfth Night Dance" to be held in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, on January 6th in aid of the Scottish Association of Girls' Clubs. Lady Elphinstone is the president and Mr. Walter Elliot and Mr. Liston Foulis are the hon. treasurers. Many people have already taken tickets to support this very good cause and are assured of a really enjoyable ball. An original note is the revival of "Cherchez le Roi," an old French Twelfth Night custom reminding us of "The Auld Alliance."

Red Cross Ball at the Dorchester



Miss Rachel Aylmer, Mr. P. Asquith and the Hon. Jean Leslie, the Earl and Countess of Rothes' elder daughter, at the Lucky Dip



Miss D. Tatchell with her sister, Viscountess Craigavon, wife of Viscount Craigavon



Presenting the Lucky Dip prize of a handbag were Mrs. O. Prentice, O.B.E., Mrs. Sybil Soper, and the Mayor of Chelsea, Councillor G. L. Tunbridge



Viscountess Erleigh, wife of the Marquess of Reading's son and heir, with the Hon. and Mrs. Julian Mond at the party given by Capt. Cunningham to celebrate the second anniversary of the opening of his oyster bar

A Pleasant Evening in Curzon Street



Emlyn Williams, who until recently was playing the lead in his own play "Trespass," and actress Constance Cummings



The Duchess of Rutland and her brother-in-law, Lord John Manners, who is the elder of the Duke's two brothers



Mr. Michael Inchbald, Miss Gertrude Morris, from Ireland, the Hon. Juliana Curzon, daughter of Viscount Scarsdale, and the host, Capt. Cunningham



Lt.-Col. the Hon. Sir Piers Legh, Master of the King's Household, arrives for the party



Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Goddard with Phyllis Calvert and her husband, Peter Murray Hill, who are both appearing in "Peter Pan" this year

The 1st K.R.R.C. Regimental Ball

To celebrate a very happy occasion
in the Battalion's history



Guests gather on the balcony during the festivities. The ball was to celebrate the return of the Battalion to England after twenty-five years' continuous service overseas



Lady Barker, wife of Lt.-Gen. Sir Evelyn Barker, and Major-Gen. T. G. Dalby



Miss J. Curwen, Mr. H. D. Collie, Mrs. Collie and Capt. A. J. Round were a party of four who were all enjoying themselves



On the stairs were Mr. Traly Baines and Miss Sally Scrope, and above them Mr. Ian Askeo and Miss Susan Holt



Enjoying an excellent supper were Miss Jennifer Holt, Lt. R. S. Ferrand (60th Rifles), Mrs. Joy Colley and Capt. Philip Drury-Lowe



Major C. Humphreys, Miss Mary Guthrie, Capt. E. M. M. Kenney-Herbert and Miss Naomi Fullerton



Another supper party were Mrs. H. Neilson, Col. and Mrs. E. Herbert and Major M. L. Buller

Eileen Garrett Gives a Party



Geoffrey Moore, the author, poet and lecturer, compliments Margaret Croslands on her unusual fashion in hats



John Bayliss, a wartime discovery, and one of the most promising of the younger poets, discusses the present state of literature with authoress Michal James



The celebrated American authoress, Eileen Garrett, who has been visiting London, gave a party at Claridges for younger British authors and actors. She is here seen waiting for her guests



Alan Wykes, the author, Allan Angoff, editor of "To-morrow," Pamela Hansford-Johnson and Dorothy K. Haynes, the novelists, were also among the guests



Mrs. Betty Miller, author of "Farewell, Leicester Square," Elizabeth Berridge, who wrote "The House of Defence," and Reginald Moore, editor of "Modern Reading"



The President Attends a Mauriac First Night at the Madeleine

The President, M. Vincente Auriol, greets the principal actress, Marie Bell, with a toast after the performance of the play "Le Passage du Malin"



M. André Brule, the theatre manager, François Mauriac, the author, and Marie Bell in high spirits. The performance was in aid of Resistance Associations

Priscilla in Paris

The Stallholders Come to Town

AT this time of the year there is one aspect of Paris that has not changed in the last . . . well, just so far as I can count back (it would be quicker to say "fifty" right away and have done with the sad business, but one becomes bashful about birthdays as one gets on in life!). I remember, as a small(-ish) child, having been taken for a walk along the *grands boulevards* at dusk one evening a few days before Christmas. The wide pavements were narrowed to half their width by reason of the open-fronted wooden booths that had been set up all along the kerb. It was lighting-up time, and suddenly the white brilliance of the icetylene flares that were then in use dazzled our eyes, offended our noses, and would have leaftened us with their perpetual hissing if we had not already been deafened by the passing *fiacres* and their clop-clopping old horses, the rumbling omnibuses and the shrill hubbub of the Paris crowd. Those booths are still with us, so is the noise. They sprout up like mushrooms at the beginning of December and remain till well into January. They sell everything—rather more expensively than in the big shops but far more excitingly—from unbreakable ombs to braces and bootlaces (we may now add orset laces also); from cotton half-hose to the finest nylons—the latter under the trestles; from gimcrack jewellery to equally gimcrack toys, from sweets to gingerbread *nonnettes* and visiting cards "printed while you wait" for the New Year visits and wishes.

THE *petit bourgeois* will sacrifice his weekly joint of meat to pay for printing and postage rather than fail to send his *bons vœux* to his friends. This year even the smallest luxury means cutting down on a necessity, if it is only the luxury of trying to provide necessities for the many who have none. I am thinking of the middle classes and the real workers who are in such difficult straits just now. There

are always, of course, the people with money to burn, and for them is the kingdom of the Black Market, where one can obtain everything, absolutely everything, dear to the gastronome.

Nevertheless, the Christmas *réveillon* has not been so opulent as in 1946. Passing events have given even the most hardened hedonist "furiously to think." Also Paris was literally stunned by the tragic death of General Leclerc. Every heart ached, even that of the craziest *zazou*.

AND now Tristan Bernard has gone. We knew that he was over eighty, that the war years had exhausted him, and that he was very, very tired, and yet we somehow could not imagine that he would ever leave us, and we hardly realise it even now. His plays and novels have brought pleasure to readers and theatre-goers all over the world. He was the kindest, most generous of men. He lived very quietly with his ever lovely, white-haired wife and saw but a few old friends, for he could not reconcile himself to the undignified scrimmage in which we now seem to exist. He found all the entertainment he needed in the cross-word puzzles that, of recent years, had become his hobby, and that he drew up himself as well as solving those of others.

He was so witty, his *bons mots* are innumerable—quite a few have appeared on this page. It is

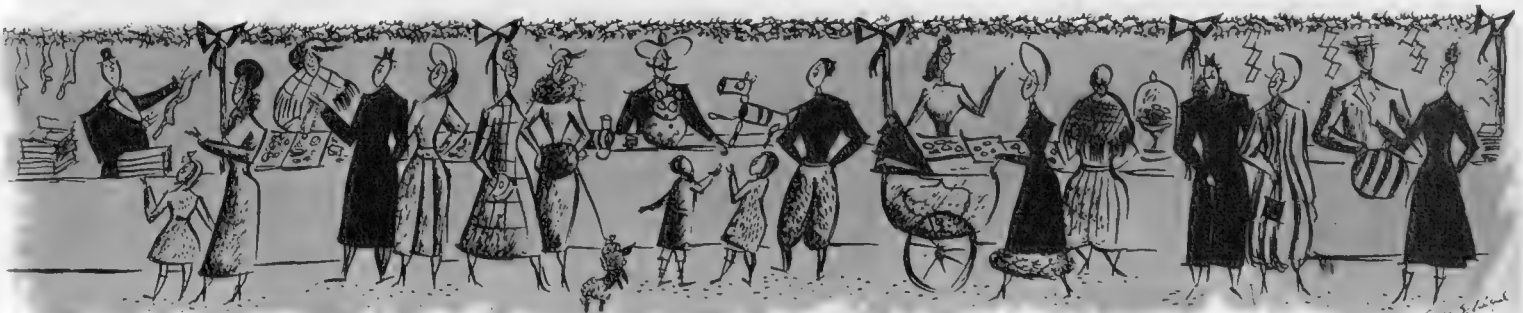
Voilà!

● Mac and Ikey, all out for economy, are crossing the Atlantic in an old tramp steamer. During a gale the lifeboats are prepared. "Looks like we'll be losing the ship," cries Mac. "Who cares," answers Ikey, "it don't belong to us!"

possible that with the passing years some of his jokes will be forgotten or attributed to other humorists as they come and go, but one thing that he said should pass into history. In 1939, when he was seventy-seven and already of very frail health, Tristan Bernard and his wife were arrested by the Gestapo because they were non-Aryan. Tristan received the officer very calmly and, turning to his wife, who was quietly sobbing, said: "Don't cry, darling, we have lived in dread of this so long . . . now we can begin to hope!" And they were right to hope, for twelve hours after their arrival at the horrible German concentration camp for Jews at Drancy, on the outskirts of Paris, they were transferred to the Rothschild Hospital in town and given a small, warm, double-bedded room. A week later they were allowed to return home. How was this miracle performed? Very simply, by Sacha Guitry, who offered himself as a hostage willing to take Tristan Bernard's place in prison.

THIS brings me to write of Sacha's recently published book: *Quatre Ans d'Occupations*, in which he relates his own history and the history of theatrical Paris during Occupation. It is a book that must be read with an unbiased mind, putting aside all the gossip one has heard. As he writes in the chapter he entitles "*Avis Liminaire*": "While you are reading this, forget everything that you think you know about me. . . . If you still want to, you can always return to your way of thinking when you have finished the book."

To those of us who, like myself, admire Sacha Guitry as an actor and a dramatist, and have to thank him for so many happy evenings in the theatre, this book is a revelation of Sacha the man, and one is a little ashamed to think how many partly believed the calumny circulated by anonymous enemies jealous of the "forty years of success and happiness" of which he can boast.





The Comte and Comtesse de la Poype with their attendants after the wedding

Photographs by Swaebe

Lamur was at the

WEDDING OF THE HON. ENID PAGET

THE church of the Holy Redeemer in Cheyne Row was chosen by the Hon. Enid Paget for her marriage to Comte Rolland de la Poype, eldest son of the late Comte and Comtesse de la Poype, of Paris. The bride was given away by her cousin, the Earl of Pembroke, as her father, Lord Queenborough, is away in South Africa for his health. She looked quite lovely in the most beautiful wedding dress—which had been made in Paris, like most of her trousseau—of white duchesse satin, with a very full skirt and high neck with the little collar so beloved by chic French brides. A simple Juliet cap of white satin and pearls held her voluminous tulle veil in place.

Her retinue consisted of two pages, Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill and the Hon. Henry Herbert, wearing white satin shirts and long, sky-blue satin trousers, and four bridesmaids, the Hon. Diana Herbert, Judith Gurney, Arabella Hofmannsthal and Rosanna Bickerton, wearing fascinating long dresses of cream satin and moiré striped, with daffodil-yellow sashes and mixed wreaths in their hair, and they carried posies of spring flowers.

AFTER the ceremony friends went along to Claridge's, where the Earl and Countess of Pembroke, the latter looking extremely smart in a biscuit-coloured dress and a hat trimmed with orange, green and yellow

feathers, gave a reception. Their tall daughter, Lady Hambledon, looked most attractive in a black Persian lamb coat and feathered hat, with her husband. Their elder son, Lord Herbert, was there with his tall wife, with their two children, who were page and bridesmaid.

The bride's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Nelson, looked chic in a mink coat and black hat, with her husband, Mr. A. R. Nelson. Her step-sister, Lady Baillie, was there with her daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Russell and Mrs. Ward. The Hon. Geoffrey Russell was one of the ushers with the Hon. David Herbert. Viscount Margesson I saw chatting to Mrs. Margaret Sweeny, looking lovely in brown, with Lady



Katharine Gurney, youngest sister of the
Duchess of Anglesey, and Lady Herbert



Viscount Margesson and Lady Richard Sykes
were also at the reception at Claridge's



The Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Russell, the bride's
step-niece, with Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Hall



Capt. and Mrs. Arthur Paget with Lady Lafone,
eldest daughter of the Earl of Strafford



Page-Wood and the Hon. Cecili Paget,
the bride's youngest sister



Lady Vaughan and her mother, Mrs. Macaulay,
were two more of the guests



Mrs. Margaret Sweeny, Mr. Frank More
O'Ferrall and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid

The fourth daughter of Lord Queenborough is married to the senior
representative of one of the oldest French families at a Chelsea church

Sykes, who has recently returned from America,
and her mother, Mrs. Jack Gilliat.

AMONG members of the very big Paget clan
I saw at the wedding were lovely Lady
Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal, her sisters,
Lady Katharine Gurney and Lady Rose
Maclaren, Mr. Nicholas Paget, who was another
usher, and his mother, Lady Victor Paget,
wearing a quaint red cap and chatting to Lady
Anderson. The French Ambassador came with
Mme. Massigli, who looked so chic in a black
suit, trimmed with mink, and one of the new
little tambourine hats. The Duchess of Marl-
borough was accompanied by Lady Rosemary
Spencer-Churchill wearing a gay yellow hat

with her fur coat. Lady Hamond-Graeme was
wearing a bright red hat with her black fur coat.
Both Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme
have been great friends of the bride and her
family for many years.

Lady Margaret Fortescue, looking sweet in
brown, was talking to Mr. Gavin Welby, while
Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, the latter very pretty
in blue, were discussing dogs with that great
authority Sir Jocelyn Lucas.

THE young couple are spending their honey-
moon at Marrakesh, in Morocco. After-
wards they are going to live in France,
where the bridegroom owns several lovely
châteaux as well as a house in Paris.



The bride's train, which had been made in Paris,
is displayed by bridal attendants



Decorations by Wysard

"The master of Nuremberg planned . . . a Cenotaph for a Distinguished Drunk"

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By . . .

THREE weeks ago, almost to the day, the Admiral Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, the Rear-Admiral Commodore of Chatham Barracks, and the Captain i/c Stores mixed a 560-lb. Christmas pudding for 1600 ratings, using Carley Float paddles and a 12½-pint dollop of Admiralty rum for that purpose, as the hawk-eye of Auntie Times noted (you can't fool that old buccaneers' moll).

Auntie didn't note the heroic names of those slightly less gilded seadogs, with chests ringed with triple brass, who in due course manfully swallowed a sizeable chunk of this, or similar, puddings in each and every Christmas Day mess they inspected; pursuant to Regulations and for the encouragement of such as pass out on the seas upon such awful occasions. Kipling strikes a rather sombre note in his verses on the Channel Fleet:

When the last dread signals come
From each grim and gilded tum,
When the pudding's final gob
Raises a half-stifled sob,
When, an overlaid wreck,
Lo! The Owner hits the deck,
From inwrought tracasserie,
Libera nos, Domine!

Chanting from memory, we may have misquoted once or twice. You pipe up smartly and ask what Drake and Hawkins would do? They'd do their duty similarly, cullies; over and above taking the usual preliminary cut with the Virgin Queen on the Admiralty's pudding contract (80%, 10%, 10%).

Toss-pot

WHEN the time comes for a national monument to Colonel Chinstrap of Itma, which a fellow-admirer was recently suggesting in advance, it has already been sketched by the illustrious Albrecht Dürer.

In whimsy or cockeyed mood the master of Nuremberg planned, circa 1525, a Cenotaph for a Distinguished Drunk, consisting of an oblong marble sarcophagus on which stands a tall column composed, in order, of a fat wine-cask, a drinking-bowl, a large wide beer-goblet, a tall thin Rhenish-goblet, and, crowning all, a large shallow decorative dish of grapes. The whole conception is beautiful, and its point, as you will have perceived, is that it is a tribute by Renaissance Art to a drunk who is also (like the Colonel and his almost equally famous predecessor, Falstaff) a gentleman. Drunk gentlemen are rarer in Germany, it seems, than in these

islands, so quite probably the elegance of Dürer's design came in for some bitter criticism in the North, and maybe the *Berliner Tageblatt* let itself go with an indignant howl.

O thou stern blade-true Prussian Old-Soak (*Bierhund*), how art thou by a Southern playboy (*Sudden-spielmann*) ignobly in the paunch by a traitor-blow bestricken! (etc., etc.)

For by all Prussian standards past and present this is a sissy monument, devoid of bulbous red noses, bloated stomachs, goblin grimaces, and general hoggishness. You Nordics! We could slap you.

Posy

ON viewing the late city of Hiroshima recently, for the first time since the First Atom Bomb hit it (1944), the Emperor Hirohito remarked, we observe from the Press: "There seems to have been considerable damage here."

This typically Japanese crack would have gone even better, an authority tells us, in the form of those suave, subtle little poems at which the Japanese are so good. E.g.:

An atom bomb on Hiroshima
Seems to cause more damage
Than a dollop of old boiled rice
Falling on the Sunday hat of
a retired geisha in the Feast of
Lanterns.

Or again:

A girl who ogles a Samurai
Risks a slap on the obi;
Rather more disconcerting (it seems to me)
Is this Hiroshima business.

Afterthought

ANOTHER way of framing the Imperial remark in red lacquer, so to speak, would be to embody it in one of the ancient *Noh* plays on which the poet Yeats was so keen. E.g.:

Enter the ghosts of two lovers, Okeh and Sezyn, thinking about clouds.

OKEN: This is Hiroshima, on which an atom bomb was dropped. It seems to have caused considerable damage.

SEZYN: Ah, gwan wid you, misther honey!

(Hits him archly with an old gilt boot woven from a dream of one of the Seven Ronins and exit, laughing eerily.)

Which of the Seven Ronins we wouldn't know—maybe Little Annie Ronin, the sauciest geisha at Mooney's.

Racket

ONE of the simplest short stories by the late Tristan Bernard, known in his time as the Prince of Parisian Wits, is about a young lover who has saved up money for an elopement and, on the eve of flying with his sweetie-pie (Agatha by name), sees a motor-bicycle in a shop window and decides to buy that instead. A very sensible move, as the Editor of *Motor Cycling* would agree.

Motor-cyclists haven't much time for women, we once gathered from one of the crack Brooklands boys. You see women of vacuous expression clinging behind them on brackets, but they soon fall off. Gasket-trouble, on the other hand, is serious. "She [the motor-bicycle] has burst a gasket!" motor-cyclists cry angrily, thereby to some extent linking *Motor Cycling* with that other fascinating trade-journal, *The Lancet*. Possibly the Answers to Correspondents in this latter journal interest you as they do us?

TOTO (Harley Street): I should not worry, Toto, over her Grace's chassis. If she got away with merely a dented tank she was lucky. Ask the boys down at "Uncle Joe's" how Mrs. Goldenkranz got on the junk-heap.

ANXIOUS (Wimpole Street): If you can't re-assemble her, Anxious, you need another term in the shops at Guy's.

One kind of mechanical expert is covered with grit and grease, the other kind with brilliantine and bonhomie. Both charge for repairs like the devil.

Tinkle

AT a recent sale of fine gold snuffboxes at Christie's one item seemed to us significant, namely a "Swiss oval box, the lid set with a watch-movement, and a musical-box at each end," which brought 200 guineas.

The interest is that in the Eighteenth Century rich women in Switzerland had very little to amuse them. Gentlemen who today would run women out to the Bernese Oberland from Berne



"Swinburne suspected . . . those impressive calves"

or Zurich for a good laugh could then only pacify their tantrums by showing them the tick-tick on their snuffbox or making the musical-boxes play charming, melancholy little tunes.

Plaisir d'amour
Ne dure qu'un moment . . .

A generation or so later rich women in the 22 Cantons gained relief by looking through coloured glasses at Schaffhausen Falls, or finding a tiny alarm-clock concealed in the belly of a stuffed-bear umbrella-stand. This soon palled. Gentlemen also vainly tried amusing them with cuckoo-clocks. It was not till the 1840's that long strings of stooping whiskered figures of social standing and exquisite refinement began plodding up the Alpine slopes like a frieze of the damned, groaning with pain and breathed on lovingly by the Föhn, the warm wind which starts all the avalanches. Many of them were clergymen. As the old song ends, unless we err :

Le rire alpin
Dure toute la vie.

We wouldn't want to get in bad with the Alpine Club boys, but you will admit rich Swiss women get more and cheaper fun nowadays.

Deception

ANOTHER slur on British Womanhood, we gathered from a furious letter to the *Times*, is the way the Race has been ignoring the deathless feats in the United States of the All-England Women's Hockey XI.

Swinburne was the last eminent poet to pay tribute to these massive babies, if you recall his *Lines to a Trodden-On Girl Hockey Half*:

Wallow, my sister, O sister, wallow !
What if thy mouth be full of the mud ?
Give 'em the Roedean Razz, and follow,
Lay 'em out cold with a sickening thud . . .

A little later Swinburne seemed to be harbouring the same vague suspicion about hockey girls as we (and possibly you) have :

When the hounds of Spring
Are on Winter's traces,
They need no string
To mend their braces ;
And legs at hockey
Supporting " halves "
Would look like *gnocchi*
Without those calves.

In a word, Swinburne suspected that those impressive calves you see galumphing down the field may sometimes be bogus, and he was right. In the catalogue of the Women's Hockey Supply Stores you find them under " Sundries," listed in two kinds—pneumatic and solid shockproof rubber. Yah, sissies.

Tact

FOR a critic to emphasise the "tact" of performers recently grappling with a characteristic piece by Bartók is a new departure in the musical underworld, unless we err.

Evidently much was left unsaid by the bad-tempered at this particular recital, and one could wish this example were more generally followed. We're thinking particularly of a performance of a lyric suite by Berg which moved the first fiddle to break off halfway and to cry irritably :

O, cuckoo ! Shall I call thee Berg,
Or just a hellish noise ?

A tiny acid critic at once rose in the stalls and said : " If you are referring to the tonal centre of this work I advise you to do it more tactfully."

The first fiddle glared and said : " However I do it I don't spit when I talk."

The critic said : " Such an unfortunate disability, to which no person of breeding would publicly refer, does not affect my critical sensitivity, and I've got countless admirers to prove it."

A jovial voice called out laughingly from the back of the hall : " He's right, Alf. Every critic's got something, but Love conquers all."

The recital then continued, amid marked apathy.

EMMWOOD'S AVIARY: NO. 17

A species which offers strong support to the biological view that birds are descended from reptiles



The Black Market Merlin—or Drön

(Directmæ-Wyimneutral)

ADULT MALE: General colour above greeny-fulvous, mottled with red blotches; eye-sacs blue-ringed and heavy (much afflicted with the disease known as eye-twitch); mandibles blue and bristly; beak mottled and predatorily curved, daintily tufted below; crested with extremely oily, permanent tufts of water-resisting feathers, growing long on to the collar feathers; body feathers often striped, checkered, but always gaudy; wing coverts tipped fat, fleshy growths, often ringed and given to much manipulation; shanks sleekly feathered; feet leathery and multi-coloured, very nimble. Bird of prey.

HABITS: This unpleasant little bird is primarily a night bird and prefers to feed alone. It is extremely lazy and prefers to use the latent weaknesses of other birds when involved in feathering its own

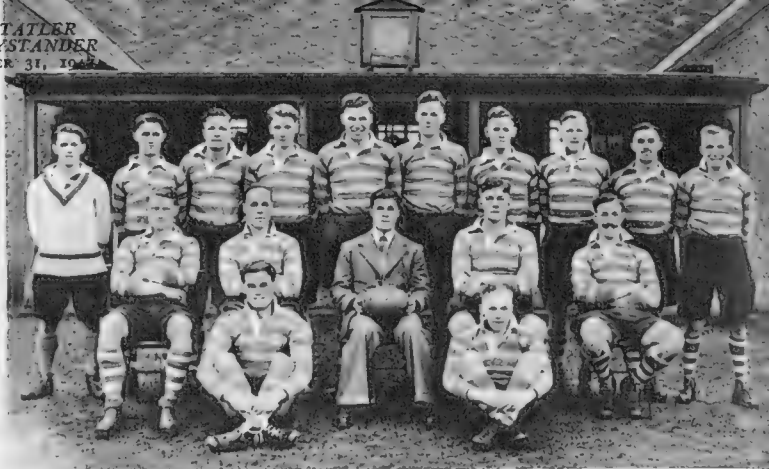
nest. The bird will perch for hours, moving only its head, this way and that, in search of prey. When it has decided upon its victim it is given to much eye-twitching and will display tasty morsels in an endeavour to attract the victim into its lair. It may be heard to utter its croaking call at this time—a kind of "Oweryerorferbasicpriorities." Once the victim has "fallen" for these cajoleries, the Drön feeds ravenously, as the victim will discover to its cost.

The Drön's great enemy is the Niner-bird, and upon hearing three Niners it will dart for cover at an awe-inspiring speed.

HABITATS: The bird is very fond of bars, on which it roosts; all dark corners, where it feeds openly and all open markets, where it feeds darkly.



The Sandhurst Team: Back: Cadets Hall, G. Stobbart, M. T. Holloway, R. F. Dory, A. C. Rodger, P. W. R. Greystone, S. H. Potter, P. H. Luard and Bucknall. Centre: Sgt. Brett, Cadets R. A. Little, E. M. P. Hardy, G. O. Phipps and H. J. Evans. Front: Cadets R. S. B. Luckman and D. W. Shuttleworth



The Cranwell Team: Back: Cadets I. S. MacPherson, M. B. Le Poer Tench, N. Chamberlain, R. M. Raw, R. M. Furze, P. Strover, R. F. Read, I. D. Meredith, L. G. Ludgate, B. A. Phillips. Centre: Cadets R. B. George, P. V. Pledger, Vallance, H. R. W. Morris and P. C. Skinner. Front: Cadets K. J. Manning and G. K. Mossman

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

A LEARNED person well known to us as Omar Khayyám said in one of his attractive verses that the New Year revived old desires. Probably he was right, since every New Year that I have ever known brings with it the same old lot, headed by the one that it shall not be as bad as the gentleman we have just let out at the back door before we open the front one to the Dark Newcomer.

Everyone at once says: "Well, thank goodness he's gone! The new one, however bad, can't be worse!" That is what we say, not believing a syllable of it, for, surely, we have been taught too often that there is no atrocity of which the Next Man In is not capable? We are far too unjust to the Departed, and quite stupid to believe that just because the next one is new he must be good. It is not quite playing the game to heap our curses upon the miserable old wreck who has just slunk away to escape further punishment. He may not have been all our fancy paints, but think back a bit and try to remember some of the high old times his brethren have given us.

From about the tenth century in Persia they have started their Now Rooz in the Vernal Equinox, when things really look a bit bright and promising. They are sensible people. We, on the other hand, prefer to make a start when everything looks its worst, and when, in these grimy times, we are asked to pay about 7s. 6d. for a nut, and a very great deal more for the thing that is usually associated with it. It is not possible to understand why we should hit up so much enthusiasm for the New Tenant. Let him win a good trial before we trust him with our money in public. At the moment, he does not look as if he could win a seller. One reflection seems to stand out, and it is this: that the horse that cut out the running for nearly a quarter of the distance, after two of them had refused and two others had not even arrived at the starting-post, should now be galloped to death along the hard high road.



ever be an unwelcome task to ban, since, are now, some that have hardly seen a real steeple-chase fence have won the great prize; but I am certain that if there were more four-milers than at present, not only should we see better contests at Aintree, but that it would improve things all round and give us more of the Real Customer.

Two-mile 'chases, of which there are quite a lot, are little better than sprints over fences, and though they may amuse a lot of people fond of seeing speedy animals flicking through the easy Park obs., it is all against the true spirit of the thing. Most of them will jump like a buck when they are fresh and have not far to go, but the steeples, which gave their name to this exhilarating game, were usually quite a long distance apart. Whether, bar Silver Fame (a good horse and one that can really stick it), we have seen anything recently to put in that notebook, I leave to you, partner! The only one, plus Silver Fame, that I have chalked down is Charles Edward, who won the Birmingham Handicap 'Chase three miles with 11 st. 5 lb. in his own time. Aintree, however, will not allow him to hit anything as hard as he did the last one on that occasion; but otherwise he looks the kind of tough for the big job.

One other note I have put down is that bad luck still dogs Prince Blackthorn's footsteps. He had that 'chase at Sandown on November 28th in his pocket, for I am sure that he would have beaten Dunshaughlin. With a fall three fences out he was only beaten four lengths! Another note I feel sure that we have all put down is gallant old Schubert's win, and if only we could put new works into old clocks, how nice it would be to see him win the National.

The Blues

VARIOUS letters have come to me from officers of the Life Guard regiments, disputing the seniority of the Royal Horse Guards as Household Cavalry. Of course they have no such claim, since they were not King's Troops until after the Restoration, whereas the nucleus of the Life Guards was formed from certain loyal gentlemen who went into exile with the Sovereign after the Battle of Worcester. This was succinctly stated in my recent note. Whether any Parliamentary unit is entitled to claim a birth-date prior to The Restoration is a debatable point, and has been contested many a time. I regret that in my recent note I did not make things clearer, for, of course, The Blues descend from the troops of Cromwell's Army. However, I hope no bones are broken!

The Life Guard regiments can claim descent from Rupert's cavalry, which knocked seven bells out of the Roundhead Horse at Edgehill and elsewhere.

Rupert was the exploiter, though not the inventor, of cavalry shock tactics, for if we are to believe the poet, who said that the Huguenot Lancers at Ivry wore only one spur each, they knew all about this form of attack. Charles I.'s nephew, at any rate, used high speed and cold steel with great effect in the Civil War, and at first swept Cromwell's early horse clean off the map. Rupert completely revolutionised the form of attack of "the finest cavalry on the Continent," that of Gustavus Adolphus, who advanced at the trot and "halted to reload their pistols after each discharge"! Apparently the "finest cavalry" were paralysed by the arms of precision of that time, and did not think of getting in with the sabre whilst these slow-firing weapons were being reloaded! Gustavus Adolphus cannot have been imbued with the cavalry spirit—hit quickly and hit hard.

Many correspondents seem to be much interested in the subject of armour worn by troops in action in more or less recent times, but lack of space this week does not permit publication of their most interesting letters, so I am compelled to hold them over until next week. There is no doubt, however, that cavalry held on to their cuirasses long after Waterloo, and that both the French and German heavies wore them at Mars La Tour in the Franco-German War of 1870, and that at the beginning of the 1914-18 war the French cavalry still retained them. In 1870 these breast-plates were effective—up to a point—in stopping rifle bullets from the Chassepot which was then held to be the best weapon possessed by infantry; but it was quickly discovered in the 1914 war that body armour was no protection against the high-velocity modern rifle or machine gun. At Waterloo the French cuirassiers were a force to be reckoned with, and it was believed that their armour gave them a considerable advantage over our own as it had done in the Peninsula when they came up against our heavy and light dragoon regiments.

An officer of the Life Guards has kindly written to me giving me details which finally settle the fact that the Household Cavalry did not wear cuirasses at Waterloo. The letter is as follows:—

After our conversation of yesterday I checked up on the wearing of cuirasses by the Household Cavalry. They were definitely not worn at Waterloo, and only returned to use for George IV.'s coronation on July 19th, 1821. Cuirasses had last been worn before that under William III. They were handed in after the Peace of Ryswick in 1697.

Three-milers

SO far, a very sensible suggestion put forward by Mr. J. Hislop, who rode Kami into third place in this year's Grand National, has not been noticeably adopted. It was for four miles, and not three miles, as a qualifier for the Grand National and a reducer of the loose-horse pest. The National Hunt Stewards have gone part of the way and made it necessary for a horse to win over three miles instead of only getting into the first three. This will do much towards eliminating the gallant hopeful, whom it must



Sandhurst Cadets Beat the R.A.F. at Rugby

After a fast and exciting game at Cranwell R.A.F. College, Lincolnshire, the visitors, a team from the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, beat the Flight Cadets by 27 points to 3. The game, played in excellent conditions, was much less one-sided than the score indicates. The picture above shows a tackle near the Cranwell 25-yard line



Gen. Matthews, A/Cdre. R. L. Atcherley and Air-Marshal the Hon. Sir Ralph Cochrane, head of Transport Command

Scoreboard

Sound the mouth-organ ; and the drum upon
Let five-and-fifty fat men fall ;
I meant to put a certain sum upon
A horse ; forgot ; it's won ; that's all.
(John Milton, Opera Neglecta, 1608-1674.)



THE Count of Malodoro and Chicaïne has arrived at Dunchurch for the Winter Croquet. "If only," he says, "Mr. Bernard Shaw would take to this pastime, he might live to be 200."

The Count, who sold his polo-ponies and his aunt in the first week of the war, has brought with him four mallets, three valets, and an invention of his own. This is a croquet-hoop which closes just when an opponent's ball is about to pass through it. "Stone-Bottom Molotoff," the inventor confided to me, "would give half Siberia for that formula." The Count, by the way, is the nineteenth husband of Marleta Garbitch, who made such a sickening flop as Mrs. Beeton in Otto Goldtoothstein's Documentary Cookery film and started to walk off the set when playing Helen of Troy opposite Bob Hope's Menelaus, but got her sarong caught in Nestor's bow-and-arrow.

While at Dunchurch, the Count hopes to visit the original forge of Longfellow's blacksmith. But he won't ; as it is now the private sitting-room of my old friend Jack Philipp, to whom Winter Croquet is anathema. So much for the Count—as the heavily-backed boxer remarked when he climbed back into the ring after recuperating for an hour on the shirt-front of a bottled-nosed patron in the five-guinea fauteuils.

I HEARD recently, by private wire, of a Colonel who, when asked to move on to the next oriental dump and to accept the title and emoluments of Brigadier, declined the invitation with, among others, these words—"The absence of duck-shooting does not warrant my acceptance."

This put me in mind, as if anything could, of the soccer player who wrote to the rival manager : "As to the house you are buying for me, I like the outside of it. But I do not care for the picture in the hall, an oleograph of Albert, the Prince Consort, at the luncheon-interval of a

pheasant shoot. I am fond of oleographs, but allergic to game-birds."

Personally, I am fond of pheasants, not only for their nutritive content, but also for their conversation, which is sometimes melancholy, but comparatively refined. Kipling and Kenneth Grahame should have taken more interest in bird-talk. Thus :

(Scene : The air, above the plough and pasture of England. Enter two pheasants.)

Cock : There'll be trouble if I'm seen flying with you.

Hen : Honoria is very shortsighted.

Cock : Which is the worst shot in this bunch ?

Hen : The one with the bald head.

Cock : It's very tempting.

Hen : Kindly remember there are ladies present.

Cock : Who's that pot-bellied old buster in spats ?

Hen : Sir Humbleby Bumbleby, Bart. He always fires both barrels at once when you're 200 yards away. Just to keep warm. There he goes ; trying to fire, but he hasn't loaded. Drunk, of course. Don't stare ; it's vulgar.

Cock : Where are you roosting to-night ?

Hen : Bagpipe Cope ; fourth larch from the left.

Cock : I'll be seeing you.

(Bang.)

Hen : Hear that ? It's the Blazing Baronet.

(Voice in the Wood.)

Ah, who would be a beater

When Bumble's there to pot'em ?

He takes his old repeater

And shoots us in the—

(Bang.)

Cock : Oh, what a beautiful morning.

Hen : Nothing is coming our way.

AMONG those getting ready for the Continental Skating Championships is a very small Chinaman with a divided beard. He refuses to enter for the School Figures as he skates only from right to left. But he showed a new idiom in practice for his Free Skating programme. First, he danced the Valeta with an imaginary partner. He then stood on his head and revolved so fast that his skates looked like an egg-whisk. Lastly, he did a bracket-change-bracket-change-comma - change - paragraph, and disappeared through the ice.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow



Mrs. Cleverdy, Mrs. Hayward and W/Cdr. Hayward watching a fast breakaway by the Cranwell forward line



Cmdt. Kahan and Col. de Maricourt, of the French Air Force, were two visitors whose presence was especially appreciated



Another trio of spectators who found the game exhilarating were F/Lt. Ince, Sq.-Ldr. Bird and Lt.-Cdr. Lacon, R.N.



Nijinsky Finds Refuge in England. For the first time since 1913, Nijinsky, who retired from the stage in 1919, has returned to England, and is seen with his wife in a private hotel at Egham. This great dancer, whose career was so tragically cut short by illness, was found at the end of the war in a hotel which was requisitioned by the British in Vienna. He first appeared at Covent Garden in 1911 at a Command Performance to celebrate the Coronation of King George V.

Elizabeth Bowen's

"Henry Fielding"

"The Wind at My Back"

More Children's Books

Book Reviews

"HENRY FIELDING," by Elizabeth Jenkins (Home and Van Thal; 6s.), is one of the first volumes in this publisher's "English Novelist Series" to appear. And rightly—Fielding is one of our very first novelists, both in order of merit and in order of time. I am glad also that, though Fielding was never Christmassy in the Dickens sense, he should be brought to mind around Christmas-time and the New Year. If ever an English heart was in the right place, his was. It is adequate to say that his heart was as good as his brain: both merged in his dynamic temperament, and his art is something better than genial—it has a racy bracingness, not marred by his biting feeling for truth.

He loved roads, fires and good company; and that melancholy and miffish sensitiveness which has, rightly or wrongly, come to be associated with authors was unknown to him. There could be no guest I could more desire to have at my New Year's Day table—unhappily, having been born in 1707, he died in 1754.

In the main, I view with a dubious eye this rising flood of books about other books (or authors). I deplore the idea that, as readers, we cannot approach our national masterpieces without being taught first what to think and feel about them. I can't but feel that, in principle, our living novelists of the first rank would be better employed in writing their own novels than in dwelling on those of their predecessors. But in this particular case I must take everything back—for the concentration of Elizabeth Jenkins's faculties on Henry Fielding's work has produced something very exciting. From the first page there is a freshness about this study.

FOR instance, she begins by discussing a sad fact—the decay of imagination in English novel-writing. "Most people," she says, "would agree that the period of genius was over with the death of Dickens in 1870." Conditions during the eighteenth century, within whose first half Fielding lived and wrote, were, she points out, shocking—gulfs of horror and

brutality, starvation and ignominy, yawned under any unwary foot (of which there were many) and continually swallowed up the unfortunate. But, she says—

—fearful as these conditions were, they were not those which prevent the bringing forth of great works of art; further, they were accompanied by conditions which were favourable to the growth of the imagination, such as the smallness of the population, the fact that man still had to do many things for himself which are now done by machinery, and that for those who had sufficient food, the food was of excellent quality. It has been considered a possible factor in the decline of population in our own day that most of our food has ceased to be home-grown. If this be true, it seems reasonable to suggest that what affects the fertility of man's body will also affect the fertility of man's mind; and, if so, it is interesting to compare the eggs and sugar, the cream and wine, that went to make the eighteenth-century syllabub, with the frozen custard-powder, the synthetic cream and the dab of fruit-extract flavoured jam which compose its modern counterpart, the "sundæ."

Ingredients of strong and pure native quality, losing none of their tang, are to be felt present in Fielding's novels—*Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*; and not less in the generally less acceptable, because more harsh and ex-coriating, *Jonathan Wild* (reviewed in these pages, on the occasion of its republication by Messrs. Hamish Hamilton, not long ago: *Joseph Andrews* has lately followed it into the same series. If you do not already possess the works of Henry Fielding, give preference to syllabubs over sundæ, pray, when you come to exchanging your Christmas book-tokens). In her discussion of all the Fielding novels—which are only too few: he died at forty-eight—Miss Jenkins is illuminating and sturdy. I say sturdy, because a certain suburbanity in British judgment has tended ever since Fielding's own day, to balk at elements in these books.

Tom Jones, the major work and the masterpiece, has, for instance, a hero who was no Galahad. Very different, however, is Tom from the free-loving, endlessly discursive and,

one must say, wet hero of the higher-class "sundæ" of to-day. Equally different, again is he from another kind of sundæ's fundamentally maudlin tough—Tom is high-spirited more than often foolish, feckless, innocent, vigorous, tender and courageous.

With reference to *Tom Jones* (the novel). Miss Jenkins says: "The novel is a work whose end has always been the giving of pleasure; hence the low estimation in which certain people have held and hold it still. The greatest novels are those of which it is most difficult to convey any adequate impression; they should not be read about, but read. Their essential quality, readability, can no more be described than scent or music. Fielding's genius is the incommunicable charm; half a page of *Tom Jones*, opened at random, will stimulate the reader's appetite more effectively than chapters of exposition."

THOUGH the fundamentals of life as Fielding saw it are the same as the fundamentals of life to-day, a possible gulf between him—the Englishman of 200 years ago—and us may need bridging: in that case, one could not have a better bridge than Miss Jenkins's *Henry Fielding*. This man was in himself no less fascinating than are the characters of his own creation: his biography could, fitly, be called his adventures. Adventures in play-writing, theatre-management, pamphleteering, as a country gentleman, a barrister, a magistrate, a traveller and a man about town. He knew equally well the underworld and the world of fashion. Ill-health, as he grew older, impaired what had been a splendid physique; money worries—due, as he would have been the first to say himself, to his own gay and incurable extravagance—were seldom far from his sky. Sophia in *Tom Jones*, and the heroine of the later *Amelia*, are both glowing portraits of the adored wife, Charlotte—who, like *Amelia* Booth, smiled through so many hardships, and whose early death brought Fielding's youth to an end.

The man, his books and his life are integrated in this short, vivid study—which is also an excellent picture of his times. Fielding attacked in no measured terms many of the abuses he saw around him: his wit was deadly. That he should make enemies was inevitable; but he was fortunate in his friends, among whom was Hogarth—whose pictures, in their satiric realism, link up with aspects of Fielding's writing. Miss Jenkins has made herself acquainted with the less well known, what one might call the background, work: the plays and miscellanies—from the way she writes one may take the reading has been rewarding. My desire to read his *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon* has been made still stronger by what she says.

It is, I find, thirteen years since Victoria Lincoln gave us the delightful *February Hill*. Her return with *The Wind at My Back* (Faber; 8s. 6d.) is welcome. This new book of hers consists of three short novels—"Before the Swallow Dares," "In Another Country" and "The Wind at My Back." Each one is, very definitely, a novel; only not longer because of Miss Lincoln's admirable economy in writing: she seems to get more, rather than less, out of her situations and characters, by not expanding them. One could, in fact (as, alas, one frequently does), travel further, in the matter of print and pages, and fare worse.

Each of these three civilised American novelettes is, in its own way, a study of adolescence. By now, one might say, a somewhat well-worn theme—but no, I assure you, not under Miss Lincoln's hand. The first is something, also, of a period piece: a study of a young girl in the early twenties. Caroline Arnold is seventeen years old.

Look at her first [says Miss Lincoln from our smiling vantage point in history, a faded snapshot come to life. Our feeling for her is tender and special, protective and amused, because her accordion-pleated skirt of fine white flannel reaches half-way from knee to ankle, and her ruffled blouse is set off by a butterfly locket on a silver chain; because her white buckskin Oxfords have spool heels and pointed toes, like the shoes that old women still find somewhere nowadays; because her long shiny-brown hair is pulled forward in deep, looping curves to cover her forehead to the brows. . . .

CAROLINE, still not yet quite at ease among the young people of a New England summer colony, mishandles a love-affair with the outsider Charlie: we fear that she may have broken her own heart—but no, it is with herself that she is in love. Seldom has the narcissism of youth been more truly, though also kindly, portrayed. . . . The adolescents of "In Another Country" are, nominally, a young married couple—over-sophisticated, foot-loose young New Yorkers, victims of their own failure to grow up. They fall in love with and take an old English manor house; but, alas, under pressure of some sort of rugged truthfulness in the atmosphere, their frail little life-illusion falls quite to pieces.

"The Wind at My Back" is, perhaps, the most profound of the three—the study of a fourteen-year-old's feeling of desecration in Middle West America. Bicycling round the

country, the poor little rich girl finds the primitive warmth she seeks among the down-and-out inhabitants of a squatters' camp—but the idyll is brought to a ruthless end. . . . *The Wind at My Back* may not be everyone's book: I recommend it to those who like something out of the common.

HERE are further suggestions for those seeking children's books, or advising, post-Christmas, as to the exchange of book-tokens. From Messrs. Collins come four excellent tales for (roughly) the nine-to-thirteen age-group. Noel Streatfeild's *The Children of Primrose Lane* (8s. 6d.) is that ever-popular feature, a spy story—a group of near-London children living in the same row combine, in default of holiday travel (time being 1940), to take over, set up life in, a nearby empty house, to which they give the attractive name of "Somewhere." But, alas (or is it alas?), lurking about the premises is a sinister individual with a guttural accent and marked interest in maps. We end up with a cross-country chase to the Sussex coast. Marcia Lane Foster's illustrations are charming—even if the children are somewhat over-idealised! . . . *No Mistaking Corker*, by Monica Edwards (8s. 6d.), has another, not less sure formula for success: it's a caravan story, told in the first person by young Lindsey, in fresh and convincing terms. Horses and ponies, picnics, fairs, mysterious individuals and unforeseen happenings are cheerfully blended. Illustrator, Anne Bullen.

I Had Two Ponies, by Josephine Pulein-Thompson (8s. 6d.), appealed to me particularly because I always have a sympathy for disagreeable little girls. Our heroine Christabel (who does, inevitably, reform as time goes on) herself tells the tale—"I hope you won't take so violent a dislike to me in the first pages of this book that you slam it shut, saying, 'Ugh! one can't possibly read about such a beastly little girl,'" she begins, disarmingly. Christabel, not having known what was good for her, began by not appreciating her two ponies; but she learns better during her exciting visit to the Westlakes. Charm, fun and drama throughout this book run high: it is, in fact, a first-rate children's novel—the authoress is, I see, part-owner of a riding school: life there should be enjoyable. Illustrations, again, from Anne Bullen's hand. . . . Violet Needham's *The Bell of the Four Evangelists* (8s. 6d.) is rather more emotional, dramatic and intense. A piquant little girl called Penelope goes to stay with a somewhat cryptic relation in an old house, near which stands a still older castle. She helps to wind up an age-old family feud which is having unnerving psychic effects. I understand Mrs. Needham's books to be exceedingly popular with the young: this one is somewhat too emotional for me.

For the nursery age-group come, also from Collins, a very nice mouse book, *My Friend Wilberforce* (3s. 6d.), tale told and pictures in colour by Racey Phelps; *Pookie and the Gypsies* (3s. 6d.), by Ivy Wallace, a dazzling picture-story with circus scenes; and, at 6s., Buster Brown's *Semolina—Second Helping*, in which we have the further adventures of that small, irresistible sugar-bear.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

IN a letter written on January 4th, 1783, Mozart wrote that he had "made a promise in my heart of hearts" to have a newly-composed Mass performed at Salzburg when he took Constanze there as his wife.

This was his *Mass in C Minor*, and a gem of a record of "Et Incarnatus Est" from this work has been made by Erna Berger, a soprano of distinction. She is accompanied by The Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Josef Krips, who was here recently with the Vienna State Opera Company at

Covent Garden. We are therefore privileged once again to be able to appreciate his understanding of Mozart. He conducts the orchestra beautifully, and the flute, oboe and bassoon, which form the woodwind obbligato to the voice, are played exquisitely, particularly in the cadenzas, in which these instruments and the soloist join simultaneously. Nevertheless, it is to Erna Berger that the highest praise is due. The recording is perfectly balanced. (H.M.V. DB. 6536).

Robert Tredinnick.



Air-Cdre. and Mrs. Arthur Vere Harvey's infant son was christened **Guy Alan Vere** at the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons. The parents are seen after the ceremony with the godparents



Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Roderick Faure Walker's infant son was christened **Rupert Roderick**, at St. George's, Hanover Square. Among the godparents was **Lt.-Col. H. W. Faure Walker**



Mr. and Mrs. Alastair MacDonald's infant son was christened **Kelvin Ramsay Alastair** at St. Paul's Cathedral. Mrs. Atlee, seen with the parents, was present at the ceremony



Major and Mrs. Hardman Mountford's twin son and daughter were christened **Simon and Brigid** by Canon Kempson, at Lichfield Cathedral

CHRISTENINGS

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Cooper — Ritchie

Capt. Leland Richard Wordsworth Cooper, the West Yorkshire Regiment (P.W.O.), son of Major and Mrs. E. J. Cooper, married Miss Imogen Barbara Ryder Ritchie, only daughter of Major and Mrs. J. Ryder Ritchie, in London



Morris — de Montmorency

Mr. Douglas Osmond Morris, elder son of the late Mr. W. O. Morris and Mrs. D. M. Morris, of Beacon Lodge, Exmouth, Devon, married the Hon. Carolie Madge de Montmorency, younger daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Mountmorres, of Lasham Rectory, Alton, Hants., at St. Mary's, Lasham



Holmes — Clift

Lt.-Col. Frank Holmes, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. Holmes, married Miss Denise Clift, daughter of Sir Sidney and Lady Clift, at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bridal attendants were Miss Jean Parsons, Miss Helen and Miss Betty Smith, and Mrs. J. Parsons, Matron of Honour



Henderson — Hosking

Capt. David Clayhills Henderson, of Invergowrie, Perthshire, married Mrs. Pamela Hosking, only daughter of Sir Edward Blake, Bt., of Tillmouth Park, Cornhill-on-Tweed, and of the late Lady Blake, in Edinburgh



Page Wood — Bellville

Mr. John Hatherley (David) Page Wood, eldest son of Commander Sir John Page Wood, Bt., R.N. (ret.), and Lady Page Wood, of 7, Thurlloe Square, S.W., married Miss Evelyn Hazel Rosemary Bellville, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. G. E. Bellville, of Fernyn Woods Hall, Brigstock, Northamptonshire, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Jones — Latham

Mr. Richard Studley Jones, only child of the late Mr. George Jones and Mrs. Jones, of Trelawny, Bude, Cornwall, married Miss Monica Latham, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Latham, of Little Heath Wood, Potters Bar, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

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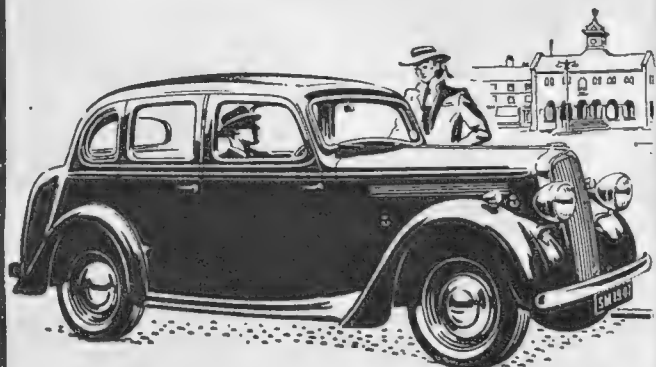
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Fashion Page

by Winifred Lewis

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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Rosemary Hermione Shepherd, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. G. J. V. Shepherd, of Cooleen, Farnborough, Hampshire, who is engaged to Major Denys Lloyd Glynn Begbie, M.C., R.E., younger son of Major and Mrs. R. P. G. Begbie, of Glynn, Fleet, Hampshire



Pearl Freeman

Miss Betty Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Johnson, of Pengelly Villa, Dagenham, Essex, who is engaged to Sub-Lieut. John Bovey, Royal Navy, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Bovey, of Meadow Sweet, Stubbington, Hampshire



Bassano

Miss Mary Tavy Morton, only daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Morton, of Mariners, Salcombe, South Devon, who is engaged to Mr. Richard Archer, only son of His Honour Judge Archer, K.C., and Mrs. Archer, of Hooke Hall, Uckfield, Sussex



Harlip

Miss Carol Mary Jenkins, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Jenkins, of 52 Gloucester Terrace, London, W.2, who is to marry in February Dr. George Millington Woodcark, youngest son of the late Sir Stanley Woodcark, and of Lady Woodcark, of 15 Buckingham Palace Mansions, London, S.W.1



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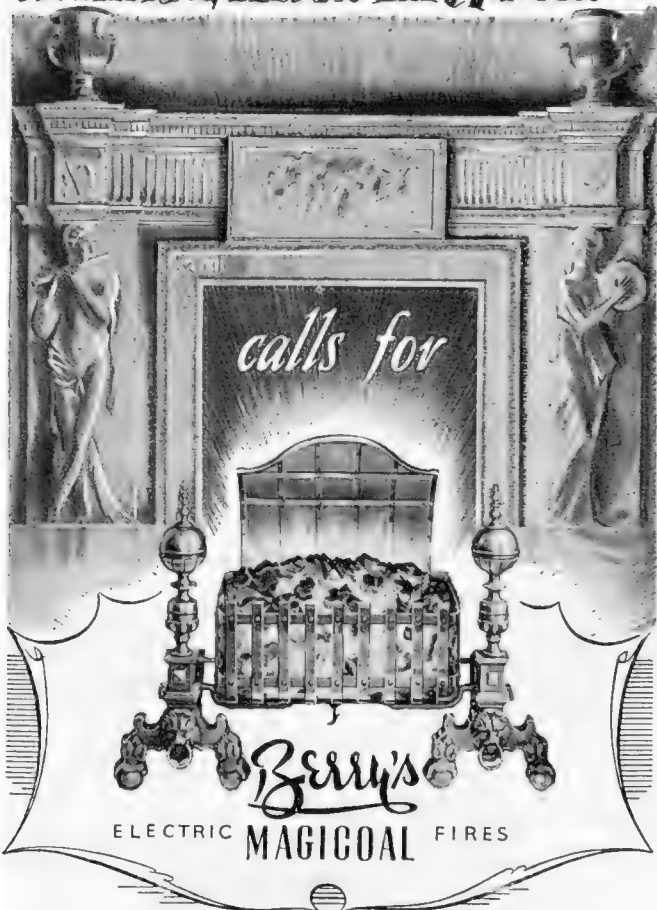
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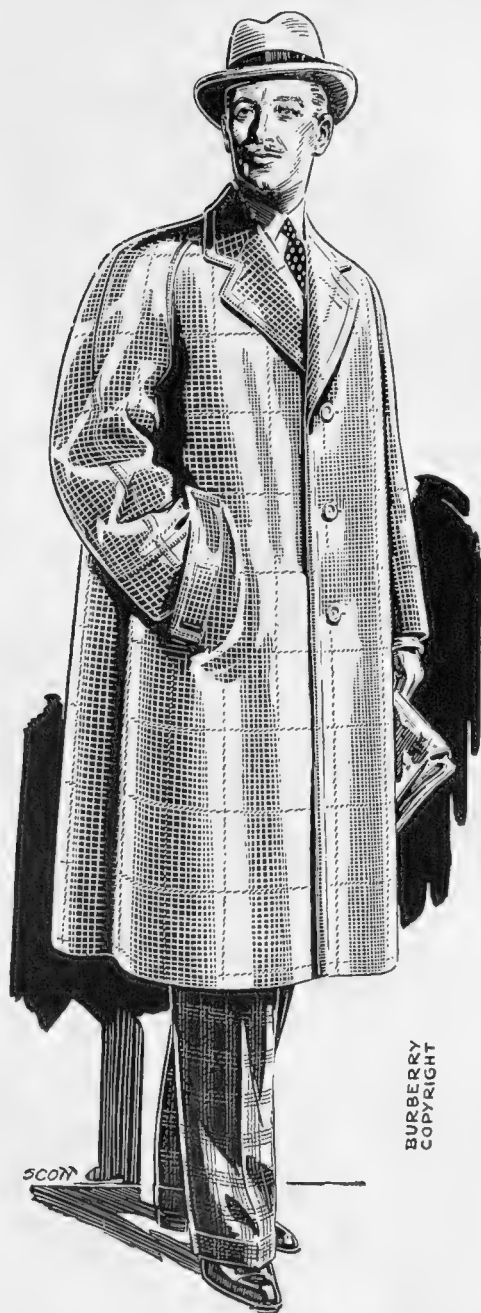
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Oliver Stewart on **FLYING**

FARNBOROUGH has always been a name of note in British aviation—not always of good note, but indisputably of note. But the real reason I was so pleased to be invited by the Commandant and Officers of the Empire Test Pilots' School to their annual dinner at Farnborough was mainly personal.

My first flying job, in the remote days of B.E.s, Sopwith One-and-a-half strutters, Morane parasols, F.E.2bs and R.E.7s was at Farnborough as a ferry pilot. And I like to think that we pilots of the early days who ferried new aircraft across the English Channel to France played a part which can be classed with the Atlantic ferry pilots of the recent war.

The prevailing state of aeronautical ignorance in 1914-18—which applied, of course, to piloting as much as to design and construction—was such that a cross-Channel flight could easily be a hazardous proceeding. Whether people got lost more often in those days than they do now is a moot point. They certainly had no aids to tell them where they were again. Nor had they radio, gyro-stabilized compasses, air position indicators and the rest of it.

But if one could make a fair adjustment of the difficulties and dangers, I doubt if there would be a great deal of difference. The distance was 1,800 miles instead of twenty-two; but the speed was 250 miles an hour instead of eighty. It is interesting to set down the comparative figures for the ferry services of two wars.

Test Flying Memories

I HAD another personal interest in the Farnborough dinner for I was also engaged for some years on test flying long before there was such a thing as a test pilots' school. And in conversation at dinner I heard of some of the changes in technique. It appears that the test pilot of today spends much more time learning the theory of performance testing; but scarcely any more time learning the handling of the aircraft.

We used to reckon that a first-class pilot, with long experience and an unblemished piloting record, would take six months of test flying before the figures he obtained could be regarded as satisfactory. As far as I could understand it does not now take so long. Presumably this is the consequence of better instrumentation and less wilful aircraft.

Farnborough for me and many others is steeped in memories—the balloon sheds and the B.E.s, the crazy inventions and the crazier inventors. As, after passing the station, I came to the well-known gates, thirty-three years seemed to roll away. And the cheerful atmosphere of the mess, where there assembled many old and new friends, was just the same.

Miles Aircraft

I HOPE that I shall not be committing some dreadful crime if I refer to the position of the Miles company. I am ignorant of the law as it applies to financial matters, but I do feel it essential, at a time when the Miles family are faced with special difficulties, to express unqualified admiration for their work for aviation in the past and for the work of the company.

The Miles's produced many good and novel ideas. And they had the force of character to see them through to the practical stage. It will indeed be a tragedy if a fine aircraft like the Marathon is to disappear or to be handed over to some firm without any parental interest in it. The Aerovan, the Gemini and the new agro-trailer (a really brilliant idea this last) were all worthy aircraft.

It seems to me that this is an opportune moment—when the world looks black to utter a word of thanks to the Miles company for its fine aviation achievements and to express unwavering confidence that it will return to lead the field again.

Good Intentions

THE Ministry of Civil Aviation now has its own Council, fulfilling duties rather similar to those of the Air Council of the Air Ministry. Structurally I should expect this to be a sound step. It will clarify the responsibilities in the different fields.

But the unfortunate thing is that civil aviation is becoming an academic affair for all but the few who are lucky enough to have some special facility or some more than ordinarily good excuse for flying. As the Ministry girds up its loins to do great deeds for civil aviation, civil aviation is wilting away.

Perhaps hope still lies with the Ultra-Light Aircraft Association. It is bold and it knows what it is trying to do. I liked very much its outspoken criticism of the special Committee's report and I admired and approved of its firm stand against subsidies.

Flying must shake itself clear of subsidies if it wishes to be free. While it is subsidized it must always remain a handmaiden to the fighting Forces. That is a wretched prospect. Yet history has abundantly proved that subsidized aviation is always camouflaged military aviation. Let us all hope that the Ultra-Light Aircraft Association increases in power and influence and let us hope that it sticks to its views. It may yet save British civilian flying.



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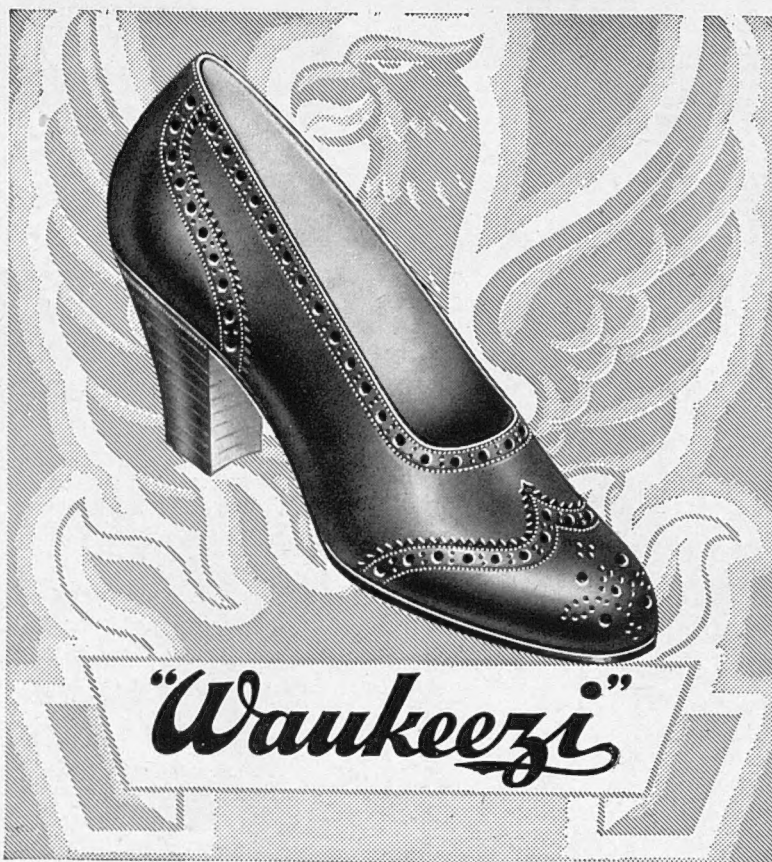
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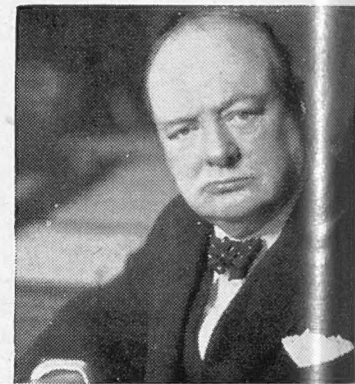
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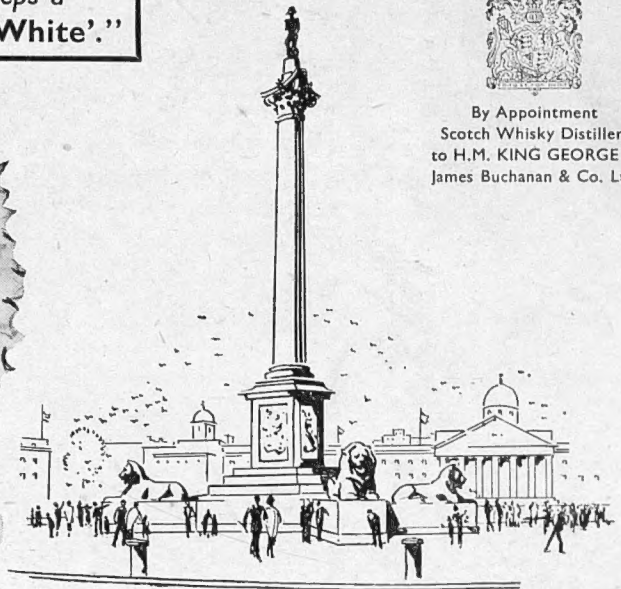
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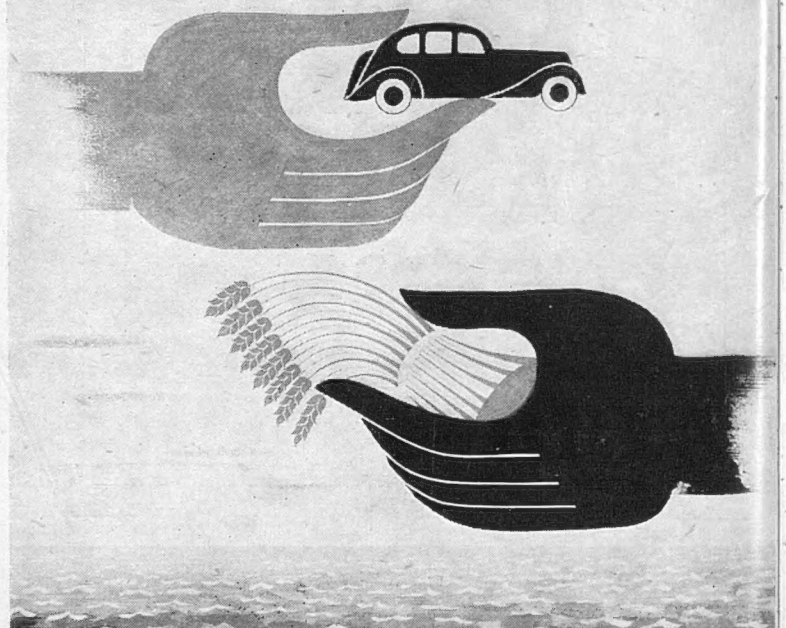
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